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THE ALHAMBRA.

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The adorning pencil of Florian has painted the ancient Moorish palace of the Alhambra, in gloomy but striking colours, and Mr. Washington Irving has rendered it familiar to most English readers. To Granada, where the immense pile still exists, the Moors even now fondly turn their eyes, recalling the glories of their past history. They regard it as a paradise, and it is said, on the Friday in every week, they still address their prayers to heaven for its restoration to their faith and nation.

Old writers dwell with delight on its former magnificence. The court to which the visitor was first admitted, was called the *Communa*, or *Dél Mesucar*—the Common Baths. Its form was that of an oblong square, with a deep basin of clean water in the middle, having on each side a parterre of flowers and a row of orange trees. A peristyle, paved with marble, ran round the court, and the arches were supported by pillars, in a style differing from all the established orders of architecture, the ceiling and walls being encrusted with stucco and fretwork. Arabian sentences, of various lengths, were inscribed on different parts of the building, such as, "There is no conqueror but God," and "Honour and obedience to our lord Abouabdoulah." The ceilings were gilt and painted, and the colours retained their original freshness long after the founders of the palace had mouldered in the grave. The porches resembled grotto work, and one on the right hand opened into an octagon vault. Opposite the door of the *Communa*, leading into the *Quarto de les Leones*, or apartment of the Lions, an oblong court, a hundred feet in length and fifty feet broad, encompassed by a colonnade. Two porticos or cabinets, about fifteen feet square, project into the court at the two extremities. The square is paved with coloured tiles, and the colonnade with white marble. The walls are covered, to the height of five feet from the ground, with blue and yellow tiles, placed chequer-wise. Above and below is a small border of escutcheons, enamelled blue and gold, with an Arabian motto on a bend. The columns that support the roof and gallery are of white marble, very slender, fantastically adorned, and irregularly disposed. The ceiling of the portico is much more highly finished than that of the *Communa*, and the capitals are of various designs. Amidst the varieties of foliage, grotesque and strange ornaments, as in the fountains just prepared for Mehemet Ali, there appears no representation of animal life. There is about each arch a large square of arabesques, surrounded by a rim of characters that are generally quotations from

the Koran. Over the pillar is another square of beautiful fligee-work, and higher is a wooden cornice, enriched with carving, as much as the stones below. Over this projects a roof of red tiles, which disfigure this beautiful square, lately added by a modern hand entrusted with its repair. In Moorish times, the buildings were covered with large painted and glazed tiles, some of which still remain. In the centre of the court are twelve ill-formed lions, muzzled, bearing upon their backs an enormous basin, out of which rises another of smaller size. When the pipes were kept in order, a volume of water was thrown up, which, falling into the basin, passed through three lions, and was discharged out of their mouths into a large reservoir, communicating, by channels, with *jets d'eau* in the apartment. This fountain is of white marble, adorned with festoons and Arabic distichs, to the following purpose:—"Seest thou not now the water flows copiously like the Nile;" "This resembles a sea washing over its shores, threatening shipwreck to the mariner;" "This water runs abundantly to give drink to the lions;" "Terrible as this lion is working in the day of battle;" "The Nile gives glory to the king, and the lofty mountains proclaim it;" "This garden is fertile in delight: God takes care that no noxious animal shall approach it;" "The fair princess that walks in this garden, covered with pearls, ornaments its beauty so much, that thou mayest doubt whether it be a fountain that flows or the tears of her admirers." These appear to us sufficiently incoherent. The original object of their being thus displayed can now only be guessed at.

Beyond the colonnade, and on the south side, is a circular room, used in modern times as a place for drinking coffee, &c. It was formerly refreshed, in summer, by a fountain. The form of this hall, the elegance of its cupola, the cheerful distribution of light from above, and the exquisite manner in which the stucco is designed, painted, and finished, excel all powers of description. In this palace, it is said, Abouabdoulah assembled the Abencerrages, a most distinguished and meritorious body of his subjects, and caused their heads to be struck off into the fountain. At the head of a court there are two rooms, supposed to have been tribunals or audience chambers. Opposite the hall of the Abencerrages, is the entrance into the Sisters' Tower—so denominated from two very beautiful pieces of marble laid as flags in the pavement. This gate is more profusely ornamented than all the rest, and the beauty of the prospect afforded through a range of apartments, has been justly admired. In a gleam of sunshine, the variety of tints and lights

thrown upon this enfilade, are uncommonly rich.

Even in decay, other startling evidences of its former grandeur challenge attention. Though irrecoverably degraded, it is still an object of great interest with the antiquarian, from the historical reminiscences associated with its name.

THE THREE FRIENDS; OR, LIBERTY AND VIRTUE CROWNED AT LAST.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

In one of the small independent Asiatic states, flourished a succession of monarchs, distinguished equally for their wisdom and virtues. Though the government was like those around them, despotic, yet so mildly did they wield the sword of uncontrolled power, that the people rejoiced in their government, and looked up with veneration to an absolute monarch as to the father of a family. Unlike most other similar governments, a whole century had passed over the sway of the present dynasty, without commotion, for the good wished only to uphold a government productive of so many blessings, and the wicked were afraid to invade a power that had been growing and gaining strength by the united wisdom, valour, successes, and popularity of three kings of the same family. But it is not to be supposed that virtue, wisdom, and popularity, were thus to be perpetuated; for descent can never ensure nobility of nature, though it may give nobility of name and rank. Heephestion, the fourth monarch, instead of imitating the virtues and greatness of his ancestors, seemed determined to sully their glory by his own reckless abandonment both of the principles and policy by which they had gained the hearts of the people and extended the kingdom by conquest and treaty. Though he ascended the throne at the advanced age of forty, he brought with him none of that discretion which should belong to maturity of age, but seemed to display in his conduct the follies and vices of youth with the maturity and obstinacy of years.

At the commencement of his reign he had artfully veiled his passions and designs under a show of moderation, which might have been longer preserved, but for the opposition which the discovery of his character, by occasional acts of violence and lust, had excited in some of his older ministers, who, accustomed to advise without restraint with his father, would offend him by their comparisons, or, rather, contrasts, of the acts and spirit of the father and son; and, though he soon removed

them from office, yet such was the character of the government, that some of their successors, little suspecting the violent will and depraved tastes of the ruling monarch, had also indirectly refused to execute, with promptness, the decrees of private and public tyranny. Inflamed by these and other signs of a similar spirit in the people, he had increased the number of his guards, erected a citadel in addition to the palace of his ancestors, sufficiently strong to last a long siege, and had his spies distributed, to give him all news of the feelings cherished towards his person and government. These men not only excited the public disapprobation, as being the tools of tyranny, but were often so imprudent as well as desperate in their aggressions on the property and rights of leading families, that though employed by government to collect taxes and preside as judges, they had not been able to escape from the fury of the populace, but had been, in two or three instances, obliged to atone for their crimes by their lives.

But it is generally a long time before a strong government is endangered by mere discontent; and notwithstanding the increase of taxation and the caprices of his temper, as fond of raising as of destroying his favourites, in the exercise of unresisted tyranny, he might have continued to reign unrebuked, but for the habits of debauchery, which, associated with guilt and cruelty, at last led his people to think seriously of resisting his power, and even of dethroning him. Though possessing a heart cold and barren in all that constitutes true love, his amours, resembling his friendships, as just described, yet he was not insensible to female beauty; and not content with the ordinary means of gratifying his licentious passion, he delighted in nothing more than in discharging on the youth of his people the severest mortifications that tyranny could inflict. Hundreds of the loveliest brides, by his orders, had been snatched from the marriage procession, in the presence of their betrothed, who, after being beaten with fifty stripes before their lover's eyes, were obliged to be led blindfolded through the streets, with an odious device of a tail, several yards in length, whilst their intended wives were dragged away to his seraglio, and forced to submit to the company of a man as formidable in ugliness as in crime, with the prospect of an untimely death, should they cease to please the tyrant's eye.

Amongst these, were three young noblemen of his kingdom, of great fame and fortune, named Cleomene, Aristobulus, and Alexander, who were accustomed to hold secret meetings, and commune together on the disgusting practices of the old king, the growing miseries of the

people, and on the best means of overthrowing the government, and substituting one wholesome and beneficial in its stead. Of these three, Cleomene was the least in point of fortune, rank, and influence, yet he had the greatest soul. Possessed of a most handsome and commanding carriage, it was but an ugly type of the virtues of his temper, the power and activity of his intellect and fancy, and the fertility of his genius—the charm of the social attractiveness that subordinated to its own noble and benevolent purposes the hearts and hands of all his associates, whose hearts were not made of steel. Though thought by some to be designing and ambitious, it was only by those who did not understand him, or who, swayed by prejudice, would not appreciate his excellences.

These three noblemen were walking in a garden, ruminating and whispering on the hated subject of the king's misrule. A new and burthensome tax had just been imposed, and they were repeating to one another the sentiment, felt, if not expressed, by thousands, "Why should we thus toil for the tyrant? The more we get, the more is taken from us. He lets us live only that we may supply him; and the greater our rank and riches, the greater our danger;" when Cleomene proposed that they should risk their lives in becoming the champions of the liberties of the people, in order to which they should sell their large estates, and convert them into money, to obtain arms, &c., for the sustenance of troops. They departed to consider of the matter, agreeing to meet each other on the following day, in the same place. They met before the time appointed, and having long resolved to break the demon yoke, feeling enthusiastically the virtue of the cause, they all raised their hearts and hands towards heaven, and swore by the sun, moon, and all the stars, never to desert each other or the cause of liberty, which they had espoused, nor yet take any steps without mutual consent. Having knelt down and taken this oath on their swords, they parted to gather their fortunes into a heap, and strengthen themselves amongst those who hated, but feared the government. They all found the love of the people was equal to their hatred of the monarch, for the same cause had produced both. They had for a long time fed the rapacity of power, by paying its burthensome demands upon them: the time, however, was now come when they were to effect a change.

They retreated from the city to the mountains, and there hoisting the standard of rebellion, invited the assistance and gave hopes to all who would come to them. Many soon crowded to the camps of the insurgents, though not one-third of what

they should have been; for the faint-hearted, having no faith in their cause, though rejoicing in the deed, dare not as yet join them, for fear of the king. The three noblemen, wisely seeing that something must be done, came down from the mountains, and gave the king battle. After a long-sustained and bloody fight, they won the day, beating the king to his very gates.

It was now that the true dispositions of men appeared; for no sooner had they gained this victory, than those who were before tame, became as wild as wolves; and those who were afraid were mad with valour in their cause. The tyrant, fearing they would besiege him within his walls, hastened to try once again his fortunes in the field. A second battle was fought, but with doubtful success; for night had closed upon the scene of action, and forced a retreat.

It happened that Aristobulus, who, with a chosen number of horse and foot, had penetrated to the gates of the city, determined upon entering it; and, having cut their way through, they flew to the senate house, supposing the council would be sitting, to advise in their present emergency. In this they were not mistaken. They there found the old retainers of the king—the bloodsuckers of their country—the seals to tyranny—the vouchers and shelterers of all wrong; and then, without mercy, they hacked them to death, so that the blood poured through the crevices into the street. We would willingly have drawn a veil over this part of their conduct; but it must be borne in mind, that war was then carried on in a more sanguinary spirit than in our times. Having done this, they broke through into the great garden, passed the palace into the plain; thus avoiding any further encounter. Aristobulus, however, did not return as he had came: it had been well for him if he had. In passing the palace, he made prize of the youngest daughter of the king, and carried her off with two of her women, marching through the valleys till they gained the main army. Both parties being sufferers, thought it wise to retreat for a time.

The lady whom Aristobulus had taken, though young, was artful in the extreme; and she, wishing well to the government and destruction to the faction, pretended to fall in love with the young nobleman, telling him how glad she was that she had the good fortune to fall into the hands of one whose looks inspired confidence and love—with whom captivity was preferable to liberty, and death to life. Young womanhood is naturally ambitious of making conquests, however idle and vain, if it be but to gratify vanity; influenced by the

same principles as prompt the other sex to a love of rule and empire, and often succeed to the ruin of the unsuspecting youth of the other: what must it have been, then, in the present instance? How fatal such a woman—a princess, seeking every means to loosen the firmness of his mind, and to make herself the sole object of his thoughts. This she accomplished, like a true woman; so that Aristobulus soon began to show marks of despondence and strangeness of manner before his two friends.

"Oh, beauty! what a snare art thou!
How fatal is the trance
That drives the boldest thought and vow
Enkindled by thy glance!"

The princess was suddenly missed, and it was rumoured that she and her maids had escaped. The truth, however, soon appeared, which was, that Aristobulus had turned traitor, and had sent her to her father, with a promise to join him. Aristobulus, at first, thought of persuading his comrades to a peace; but a little reflection soon convinced him of the impracticability of such a scheme. It came, at length, to this point—whether he would sacrifice the cause of liberty or his affection for this woman. The trifle prevailed, and the great weight rose in the scale. Alas! how frequently do we, when in the pursuit of those beautiful objects, flitting through the wilderness of the heart, believe them to be the genuine offspring of our own bosoms, and, as such, its genuine guides; but yet, how frequently do our actions—the only standard of a being's worth, belie those sentiments, and prove that they existed only in our fancy.

Almost immediately after the flight of the princess, the king's party showed signs of active preparation for battle, for the eagerness of which none could account for but Aristobulus. Measures were taken to meet them. The troops of the insurgents were the more numerous, as well as the most courageous; but when both parties had fronted each other, and paused for the word of the attack, Aristobulus drew off his troops, and making a circuit round a hill, fell suddenly into the king's ranks, and faced upon his friends. The two brother champions of freedom looked on each other amazed, and Cleomene said, sorrowfully, but yet with an air significant alike of anger and indignation, "We are no longer the crescent three." At this moment some of their forces were on the point of deserting, but Cleomene declaring, with a voice of thunder, that such should be the first objects to fall before his patriot ire, and hewing down two or three who had just deserted their ranks, soon restored order, and inspired renewed ardour with fear and admiration; and whereas the de-

jection might otherwise have spread; not another man dared to leave, whilst Cleomene kept exclaiming, "Brave soldiers, friends of your country, follow not a traitor and a coward, but follow Cleomene." He then turned furiously round, and made an attack upon the part where Aristobulus was stationed; and having left the main battle to Alexander, with an hundred chosen men, chased Aristobulus up and down the ranks, clearing his way through every opposition, till he had secured him and taken him prisoner. Cleomene, seeing a favourable opportunity, found it prudent to sound a retreat; having sustained but little loss, and disabled the king's troops too much to follow him. In the morning they assembled and sat in judgment upon the prisoner; who by this time had come to a full sense of his dishonour, and desired nothing so much as to die, and end at once his misery and the mean opinion he had of himself. What can be more intolerable than shame—the more guilt and turpitude are sensible and sensitive, the more poignant their mortification and agony; and Aristobulus, though fallen, was not lost to good principles and feeling. When he was brought before them, he stood with much unaffected humility and sorrow, never lifting his eyes from the ground, or shifting his melancholy position. Cleomene spoke, addressing the trembling culprit as follows:—"What are we to do with thee? Thou hast deserved the death for sacrificing thine honour to thine inclination; for abandoning the sacred cause of liberty and the people; and (worst of all) abetting their fast enemy. Thy crime is great; but thou hast been so long my brother and fellow counsellor in the ways of honesty, that I cannot stop thy breath. What you have done in our affairs has been done with a full heart; and what you now feel, I am well assured, is felt with a full heart—that is, that you have lost your honour and the blessed hope of restoring liberty to your fellow-citizens. What you did was through the infatuation of that creature Alexia, who would fain tyrannise over you more securely and severely than her father, until lost in her fawning blandishments. You forgot you had a soul. It is weak," he continued, addressing himself, and turning his face to Alexander, and then to his comrade soldiers, "we cannot again trust him in our cause. What shall we do with him?" Alexander immediately answered, "There is but one thing to be done. We swore an oath—which oath was to be our judgment; and it sentences this traitor to death. Is it not merited? But for the aid of heaven, we had, through his treachery, been sacrificed to our enemies; and, for our blind confidence in his hollow faith, have died a death most cruel,

because perfidious, under the steeds of our enemies. His life is forfeited to every soldier here—chiefly to you and me—and I demand it in all justice of you." Cleomene replied, "You have spoken the truth; but there is one thing greater to us, and which ought to be to us sweeter than revenge, and hand maid to our cause. It is mercy. Let him live: we can spare him and all who are traitors. His cause (which was his armour) and his power being gone, he is become weak and of no importance. If you will be revenged, let him be sent forth in a burnished car, decked in a purple vest and garlands, with a crown of noxious weeds and brambles on his head, and chains on his wrists, to his new master, the great king; and let his dishonourable wife, his lovely blue-eyed, inexpressible Alexia, invite and take him to her bosom, and pay him for his loss of peace and honour with a sweet kiss: then he may work for the king. I fear no harm that he can do us; once known, the faith is broke. This is enough for all thy revenge, and better than his blood. Seek not his life, I pray thee, let him live." A shout of applause from the soldiers rent the air, amid which were heard the words, "Let him die;" but Alexander, was unmoved by the feelings, wishes, and eloquence of Cleomene, and boisterously demanded his life; declaring he would act no further in the cause, if every article was not obeyed; so that Cleomene, finding he was not to be pacified, agreed to draw lots with him which should have the disposal of the prisoner. Humanity was repulsed; Alexander won, and condemned Aristobulus to death, swearing by the gods that justice should forthwith take its course. Cleomene finding nothing would prevail on him to relinquish his design, came down, and folding his arms around Aristobulus, embraced him, saying, "Care not, we are but parted for a little time. I will be always anxious to do more than I have done, as being mindful of the sorrow you feel at having left undone so much; you see I cannot help your fate, although I mourn it. I now embrace you for the last time—you have been and might be noble; what you are I shall ever forget." After a pause, he added, "Will nothing save his life?" Alexander sternly answered, "No, nothing." They parted, shedding tears. When Aristobulus had recovered his voice, he said, firmly, and in a manly tone, "Ye neither of you know me—that I am so mean in the opinions of my honourable companions is much, very much; but that I am so mean in my own, is much more. I am mad to think of what I have lost. I am glad that I am overtaken in my crime. Be it known to you, my lord, that in some senses you are poorer of the two: for you

are proud to wrench from humanity that which I loathe, and shall throw by. I know not how, but I feel that you are out of memory. I regret to leave you, and hardly seem to have done you an offence. But to the greater and gentle christian what can I say? Never enough, never half. I feel my heart aches, and thus will I be revenged upon it. I will whisper thy name, and it shall usher me to heaven. So saying, he stabbed himself to the heart, and fell upon his back a corpse. When Cleomene saw this he ordered his soldiers to take him; and he buried him by the side of his own relations, and placed the following remarkable inscription over his remains: "Woman, thou hast been the ruin of thousands of the best and bravest of men, but Cleomene shall never be beguiled and destroyed by thy witchery." After which he mourned for him as for his own brother.

The king, finding he had gained nothing by this move, from which he had expected so much, became more wary, and endeavoured to recruit himself by ceasing to provoke hostilities. The patriot leaders finding this, began to plan some measure for assailing the city, and carrying it by storm; in consequence, of which, Alexander undertook, with a body of chosen men, to go out, with an intention to discover the state of the enemy's outposts. This adventure he performed successfully the first time; but, on the second, other fortune awaited him. The king's scouts having discovered his first attempt, alarmed the captain of the guard; but he was then too weak to attack men whom he knew would fight desperately; and, moreover, he judged, that by keeping close in the bushes and the fern, where they were in ambush, and suffering them to return unalarmed, they would make an excursion of the same nature, when he would be better provided to repulse them. In this he was right; and having set a spy upon a hill, he waited patiently for the signal of their approach, which, when he saw, he ordered his men to fall flat upon their faces, amongst the heath. As soon as Alexander and his men were passed in silence and supposed security, they rose up quietly, with a poisonous arrow in each bow, and discharging upon them with a horrid shout—many a brave fellow fell, wounded in the back. They turned, however, as savage as wolves, and reset up a bloody conflict with their enemies, who were ten times their number; but the valour of Alexander was a host in itself, and he ever cheered on his men with enthusiastic shouts of liberty. Although the king's forces were so numerous, the captain of the guard began to doubt the issue of the fight; and, to put more spirit in his men, promised them each

a piece of gold, if they would prove themselves conquerors. This renewed their energy; but the victory was hard won. Alexander and his troops fought till every man lay stretched amongst the grass; most of them hacked to death, and but a few wounded. Alexander had received three wounds, and having fainted from loss of blood, they took him prisoner, and carried him into the city, with the poor remnant of his men, where, in a loathsome prison, he waited the orders of an implacable tyrant.

Cleomene waited in his fastness, with painful impatience, for the return of his friend, and, at last, summoned a troop of horse, and went in search of him. When he came upon the field of battle, the cause of this delay was fully and fatally explained. Then the condition of each man spoke for his valour, insomuch that Cleomene muttered, "They have fallen as we would trim a tree, joint by joint. Dost thou behold, thou placid heaven! their cause was liberty? If any be thy children, these are they—large-hearted, noble fellows. The patriotic enthusiasm he felt budding in his bosom, gave way to wonder and amazement at the number of the enemy that lay dead. Soon, however, he thought upon Alexander, and hoping ye to find some remains of life, went anxiously searching, though in vain, for his body, still thinking that he would never be taken by the enemy alive. He was about to order a second search, when one who lay half-dead among the wounded, but who had strength to articulate the distressing and disheartening intelligence, told what had happened to Alexander. Cleomene said, "They must know that he cannot be spared." And having collected all the wounded of friends and enemies, they retreated to their camp.

(To be continued.)

THE DETHRONED DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

Released from the cares, ever attendant on the exercise of sovereign authority, the Duke of Brunswick has not enjoyed undisturbed repose in England. The attacks on him have been certainly most unsparing. How resolutely he vindicated his character, and how steadily he pursued the libeller, till, defeating all the tricks to which experienced cunning, rendered desperate, could resort, he made him the inmate of a prison, is well known. But even yet, his work may not be done. Only last week he was defendant in an action, brought by a person, named Goodchap, for dissecting a lawyer's bill. The duke thought he was

overcharged, and employed Mr. Goodchap to examine it, and report on its character. For this service, which would have occupied a properly-qualified person some two or three days, Mr. Goodchap cleared eighteen or nineteen pounds, and such a demand being resisted, brought his action, when a jury gave him only three pounds.

The determination of the royal duke has proved more successful and beneficial to his royal highness, than it had in his own country. His history is so singular, that our readers will not be sorry to have its principal incidents here recalled. Early in life, he seems to have wanted self-command, and so have been frequently carried away by gusts of ungovernable passion. His challenge to William IV, and other extravagancies, caused it to be rumoured, that his intellect was impaired. That it was so, to the extent supposed, has never been proved; that he was deficient in judgment, the following narrative of the insurrection at Brunswick, and its causes, as made public at the time, will amply prove.

Few princes ever ascended a throne with greater advantages than Charles, duke of Brunswick. Under the enlightened and paternal sway of his grandfather and father, Charles William Ferdinand and Frederick William, the Brunswickers had learnt, not only to honour and revere their rulers, but to esteem and love them, as mixing in private with their subjects and identifying their own interest with that of their people. Equally well satisfied with the citizens of Brunswick, with the public administration under the regency of George IV, which followed the death of Frederick William, at Quatre Bras. From experience, therefore, they had reason to think well of their rulers. Nothing, accordingly, could exceed the loyal hopes and enthusiasm of the people of Brunswick at the accession of the young duke Charles. The first year of his reign passed in apparent tranquillity, but it gave rise to melancholy forebodings. The taxes were increased or retained unaltered; while the expenditure for the public benefit was diminished. Faithful councillors were dismissed. The assembly of the states, re-established during the regency, was not convened. The people in vain looked for one act of the sovereign directed to the public welfare; nor had they even the poor consolation to think that the misgovernment was owing to the irregular passions of a youthful prince, when they saw his deliberate distrust and the phlegmatic indifference of his disposition. It was after the duke had got rid of the disagreeable restraint of honest advisers, that he openly quarrelled with his former guardian, the late king of England. A set of flatterers rose into the favour of the duke. Foreign parasites, unprincipled writers, lawyers, and

THE MIRROR.

professors of low reputation, obtained the highest posts of the state. With these willing tools of despotism, the duke soon broke out into acts of violence. A young man who had passed some censure on the theatre, was thrown into prison, and detained for several weeks. The citizens began to tremble for their personal safety. To be favoured or countenanced by the prince, once the highest favour, was now deemed a misfortune, as it was surely followed by universal distrust and aversion. By alleged acts of rapacious extortion and short-sighted avarice, many opulent families were driven from the capital; the poor were thrown out of employment; the rent of houses fell a third, their value one half; and the sums expended upon public works were still further reduced. The duke next raised large sums, by a sale of public lands, which was expressly prohibited by an edict of duke William Ferdinand. Bitter, a man who had risen into high office from being a common clerk, and was employed by the duke in opening private letters, had full powers for effecting these sales; and was paid by a percentage on the purchase monies, and permission to receive gifts from the purchasers. Men of rank and station were sent into banishment; members of the Assembly of the Estates were annoyed with petty persecutions; just punishments were improperly remitted; the sentences of the regular courts of justices were attacked, and the Estates were not convened. When at last this assembly, in accordance with its constitutional right, met without summons from the sovereign, in May, 1829, the duke applied without success to the German diet for an abrogation of the law for the assembling of the Estates, which produced an open breach with the diet, and destroyed all hope in his subjects of his ever exercising a legal and constitutional rule.

Such was the state of things, when, the decrees of the diet hanging over his head, the duke left Brunswick in the early part of 1830. During his absence, measures were adopted, still more harsh than any he had previously sanctioned. The grants which had always to that time been annually made for agricultural works, were for the first time withheld, and immense sums of public money sent out of the country, it was said, to be squandered at Paris.

It was at this period that the Brunswickers received the news of the French revolution. All were eager to learn how that event would influence their sovereign. They soon heard that the duke had fled from Paris, on foot, attended by a single officer, and that after a walk of several hours, he had hurried to Brussels in a miserable carriage. All his money and trea-

sures had been left in the custody of an officer, who was forced to give up most of the arms to the people of Paris, but saved the other effects without any loss. On the 13th of August, the citizens of Brunswick, who had expected that the duke would cross to England, heard that he had arrived that morning in his own city, attended only by a Frenchman, named Alloard, having travelled on horseback, and had reached his castle, unobserved, by a back way. Bitter, the duke's unpopular favourite, in vain attempted to persuade the people to illuminate their houses at the return of their sovereign. A procession of torch-bearers composed of the lowest public servants and other dependant persons were all that could be mustered, and these, amidst the silence of the crowd, saluted the duke with a few faint shouts when he appeared on the balcony of his palace.

He appeared to anticipate a repetition of the events which he had witnessed at Paris. He went to the theatre by a circuitous way; he rode out armed with pistols; and one day when a wheel came off his carriage, and some foot-passengers called out to warn him of his danger, mistaking their exclamations for seditious cries, he took refuge in a neighbouring house. It was generally understood that he was prepared to resort to extreme measures. The Baron von Sierstorpff, who had been banished from the territory of Brunswick, and was expected to return under a decision of the German diet, was to be received with some public rejoicings by his neighbours. Orders were accordingly issued by the duke, it was reported at the time, that in this case the military were to fire grape-shot into the crowd—orders, it is added, which the absence of Sierstorpff alone prevented from being carried into effect.

The unpopularity of the duke was further increased by his breaking up a stud kept for the general improvement of the breed of horses, which was sold to trading Jews at low prices. The intimacy of an unknown foreigner at the palace likewise heightened the suspicions of the people; and placards were posted in remote parts of the city, complaining of want of bread, and calling on the duke to remain at home, and dismiss his foreign favourite. Far from complying with this requisition, the vice-master of the horse, von Oeyanhausen, an officer of old standing, who had distinguished himself at Waterloo, and was generally esteemed and respected by his fellow citizens, was, even, at the duke's table, assailed with the most humiliating reproaches by his misled sovereign. The old soldier, overcome with mortification and anguish at such an insult, was seized with illness which seemed to threaten his life.

When he had partially recovered, the duke was pleased to bestow on him a long visit, in which the subject of the former conversation was renewed in the same style. The unhappy man died the next day. As soon as the duke was apprised of this event, he is said to have hastened to the room where the corpse lay almost warm; began reviling the deceased, and, according to report, to have ordered his remains to be forthwith removed from the castle, and exclaimed that "he must accustom himself to the sight of dead bodies." The diffusion of these words through the city naturally created an instantaneous alarm. Every one appropriated to himself this fearful prophecy: and when such was the avowed determination of the duke, all hopes of a satisfactory arrangement between him and his subjects were fairly at an end.

Only one peaceful act followed this tragedy. On the 1st of September a deputation of citizens waited upon the duke to represent to him the deplorable state of public affairs, and the necessity of convening the Estates in order to consult with them the best means of relieving the general distress, as the ministers possessed neither the confidence of the duke himself nor that of the people. The only reply vouchsafed to this application was, that "Circumstances would give a clearer answer."

Orders were given to increase the watch, to recall all soldiers on leave of absence, and to serve out cartridges to the men. On Monday, September 6th, sixteen cannons, with ammunition, were drawn out in front of the barracks. Up to this time there had been no disturbance or riot on the part of the people: no breach of public peace had been committed. But after the signal had been thus given by the duke, the contest could not long be deferred. In the evening of that day the duke's carriage was attacked while returning from the theatre. Alload, the favourite, was mistaken for his master, and palled back by the crowd, as he was mounting the steps. Several stones struck the carriage, and one passed through the window; but the duke succeeded in regaining the castle amidst the shouts of the populace. The crowd dispersed over the town in separate bodies, and broke some lamps and windows of different public buildings. The infantry were soon seen marching from their barracks into the castle-yard: and the duke appeared on horseback with his sword drawn. The people, unarmed, stood in crowds outside the castle: but nothing further took place, than that lieutenant-general von Herzberg was sent to parley with them, and that the duke was with difficulty persuaded not to order the cannon to fire on the multitude.

At last the space near the castle was cleared by a regiment of hussars, and at half-past two in the morning of the 7th, all was quiet. In the course of the day 3,500lbs. of gunpowder were, by the duke's order, brought from their usual place of deposit to a church within the city; but in compliance with the immediate remonstrances of a tradesman, the order was recalled, and the gunpowder restored to its former magazine.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, the chief magistrate of the town, with six deputies, appeared at the castle, and requested an audience. They were twice repulsed by Bitter with the answer that the duke was not yet dressed: but, at last, at twelve o'clock, they were informed that in an hour's time the duke would grant them an interview. At the appointed hour, therefore, the deputation having been admitted, represented to the duke the strong excitement of all classes of his subjects, and the necessity of some immediate measures to avert the impending storm. They recurred to their former petition for the assembling of the Estates, and requested as the first step towards an adjustment, that the cannons should be removed to the arsenal. In answer to these proposals, the duke promised, in general, relief to the poor, and labour to the unemployed; authorised the chief magistrate to withdraw the cannon into the arsenal, and gave into his hands a paper in which 5,000 dollars were promised to the indigent, and employment in some public works. On the assembling of the Estates, the duke was silent: but he desired that no citizen should be allowed to carry firearms, or come near the castle, adding, that he knew how to defend his own castle, and they had only to defend the rest of the city. "The king of France," added the duke, "had taken imprudent measures, had not kept his word, and had thus offended his subjects: but that he would not adopt any half measures, and suffer things to come to such a pass as at Paris." The deputation returned dissatisfied: and a proclamation, announcing the results of the negotiation, was received with distrust. All the cannon, with the exception of those in the castle-yard, were carried back to the arsenal, and the crowd dispersed.

On the same morning the duke sent a notice to the inhabitants of the street opposite the castle to remove their effects from the front of their houses, as it was intended to fire upon the people with grape-shot on the first symptom of a tumult, and no damage would be made good except that done to the buildings. The alarm produced by this announcement may be easily conceived.

After the departure of the deputation, the duke, in presence of several of his household and ministers, communicated to general von Herzberg his intention to repress any future commotion of the people by military force. The general represented to the duke the danger of such violent measures, and the expediency of listening to the demands of the citizens: the difficulty of maintaining any of the public buildings besides the castle, and the inutility of holding that post when the rest of the town was either occupied or destroyed. He also reminded his master, from a late example, of the difficulty of resisting a people when all are animated by the same spirit. The duke inquired if he could depend on the fidelity of the army. He was answered, the officers knew only the duty of obedience, but, on account of the ill-treatment which they had of late years received, the scantiness of their pay, and the privations to which they had been exposed, they could not be well affected to their sovereign, and that the privates could not be expected to act with zeal and determination against the multitude formed of their kinsmen and friends. To this statement the duke rejoined, "that it might be true that he had not been sufficiently liberal to the officers: that the public monies were at his disposal: but that the officers must fight for him against the rebels, and show that they deserved their reward." The general declined to be the bearer of such a proposal; and the conversation here terminated.

About noon the duke was anxious and uneasy, moving from place to place, and giving instructions to his officers. The commander of the artillery twice received orders to fire among the people at the first disturbance. At seven o'clock in the evening the military again assembled in the castle-yard; they were distributed by the duke, so as best to defend the castle: the body-guard was posted in the castle-garden, and all the outer doors and wickets were closed. By this time a large crowd had assembled without the gates, and after committing some smaller outrages, proceeded with loud shouts and imprecations, to attack the Chancery, or Archive-Office (the Canzlei), a building connected with the main body of the castle, and two other door-ways, one leading into the castle, the other into the garden. At this critical moment, the duke, by the representation of his attendants, was convinced, that even if he ordered the military to fire, his life would be exposed to the utmost danger, on account of the great number of the assailants. While, therefore, the people were as yet kept back by the military, he determined on instant flight. This resolution was immediately executed. Taking with him two aides-de-

camp, a regiment of hussars, and the body guards, as an escort, he sallied from the garden just as the people were breaking into it. He was escorted for some miles on his flight by these regiments; and about midnight, neither disturbed by the loss of his crown, nor the anxious conversation of his followers, nor the sight of the flame of his palace which lighted him from his dominions, he unconcernedly took leave of those who returned, threw himself into his carriage, and drove away.

In the mean time, the efforts of the attacking party had not been relaxed. The duke, at his departure, had left general von Herzberg, with full powers, to act as he might think best. Herzberg attempted to gain the assistance of the chief municipal magistrate and the civil force, but his efforts were fruitless, and he nearly lost his life in returning to the castle. The decision was now to be taken, whether the castle should be defended or not. With the advice, and in accordance to the general feelings of the officers, he gave the command to the troops "not to fire," but to retreat when the crowd could not be resisted without firing. At the moment of the duke's departure, the Chancery had been forced, and the entrance into the castle and garden broken open. The troops accordingly withdrew by degrees to the back of the castle-yard, and thence into the gardens. The fire now burst forth from the windows of the Chancery; in vain had the chief magistrate attempted to check the fury of the multitude; nothing could be heard but the yells and imprecations of the victorious besiegers. The right wing of the castle, in which were the rooms occupied by the duke, was next on fire: every thing, of whatever kind, found in them, was thrown out of window, and eagerly destroyed. The chief magistrate wished to use the fire-engines, which had been brought up by the burgher guards, but a thousand voices exclaimed that the engines would be broken if the attempt was made; that the castle must be levelled with the ground. By midnight the fire had seized the whole right wing of the castle. The roof had not yet fallen in, but blazed on high, throwing a red glare on the castle-yard and all the neighbouring buildings. The fire engines were now used for securing the houses of the citizens, which were endangered by the intense heat of so vast a conflagration. In this work both soldiers and citizens joined. In the midst of the stunning noise, caused by the crackling of the flames, the crash of the falling walls, and the shouts of the infuriated crowd, and impeded by the concourse of men, some plundering, some saving from destruction, Herzberg contrived to preserve many of the most pre-

cious effects contained in the castle, and particularly the contents of the treasury. Numerous valuable articles and papers were the next day restored to their proper authorities. It was not till break of day that fire-engines could be brought into the castle-yard, and even then the offer of four days' wages would not persuade any of the crowd to join in working them. At last, when it became evident that the flames would spread from the left wing of the castle to the adjoining houses, some few hands gave assistance. But it was not till near noon that, with the help of the military, the fire was completely extinguished; after the right wing, the centre, and part of the left wing of the ducal castle had been destroyed.

The chief magistrate now perceived the necessity of organising a burgher-guard, before the lower classes could proceed to other acts of violence, unconnected with the expulsion of the reigning duke, and not prompted by the desire of wreaking vengeance on an oppressor. In the course of the day a body of 1,800 men was organised, and at seven o'clock in the evening the most profound tranquillity prevailed throughout the whole city.

On the same day a committee of the Estates met and debated; and in a declaration of the 9th of September, the assembling of the whole body was promised within a short time. It was now necessary to provide for the vacant throne. All eyes were turned towards William, the younger brother of the late duke. An address, inviting him to appear in the midst of the Brunswickers, and by his presence to strengthen the bond of the laws and of the social union, was prepared for signature, and numerously signed. On the 10th of September, duke William made his public entry into the town, amidst the cheers and congratulations of the people. He soon addressed his new subjects in a proclamation; new ministers were appointed; and in the space of a week the general tranquillity was so far restored, that all persons had returned to their usual occupations and amusements.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS HOOD.

The prince of punsters is no more. Mr. Hood, commonly known as Tom Hood, who has, from year to year, made millions laugh, can no longer continue his successful efforts to set the table in a roar. He has been long labouring under a wasting illness, and at length—

"This sickly dream
Of life has vanished from his feverish brain."

He has laboured long in the cause of mirth, but in the cause of suffering he has not been idle. His "Song of the Shirt" held up to just condemnation the merciless exactions of those who make fortunes by the toil and sufferings of *fair slaves*, and will long be gratefully remembered. He was the son of Mr. Hood, the bookseller, of the firm of Vernor and Hood. He gave to the public an outline of his early life in the *Literary Reminiscences* published in *Hood's Own*. He was, as he there states, early placed "upon a lofty stool, at a lofty desk," in a merchant's counting-house; but his commercial career was soon put an end to by his health, which began to fail; and by the recommendation of the physicians he was "shipped, as per advice, in a Scotch smack," to his father's relations in Dundee. There he made his first literary venture in the local journals; subsequently he sent a paper to the *Dundee Magazine*, the editor of which was kind enough, as Winifred Jenkins says, "to wrap my bit of nonsense under his honor's kiver, without charging for its insertion." Literature, however, was then only thought of as an amusement; for on his return to London, he was, we believe, apprenticed to an uncle as an engraver, and subsequently transferred to one of the *Le Keux*. But though he always retained his early love for art, and had much facility in drawing, as the numberless quaint illustrations to his works testify, his tendencies were literary; and when, on the death of John Scott, the *London Magazine* passed into the hands of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, Mr. Hood was installed in a sort of sub-editorship. From that time his career has been known to the public. The following is something like a catalogue of Mr. Hood's works dating from the period when his *Odes and Addresses*, written in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Feynolds, brought him prominently before the public:—*Whims and Oddities*; *National Tales*; *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* (a volume full of rich imaginative poetry); *The Comic Annuals*, reproduced with the addition of new matter as *Hood's Own*; *Tynney Hall*; *Up the Rhine*; and *Whimsicalities: a Periodical Gathering*. Nor must we forget one year's editorship of *The Gem*, since that included *Eugene Aram's Dream*, a ballad which we imagine will live as long as the language. Of his tastes and habits we have an amusing, interesting and melancholy picture, furnished by himself, in a letter addressed to the secretary of a Manchester literary establishment two years ago, who desired that his name should appear in the list of patrons of a bazaar.

(From my bed), 17, Elm-tree-road,

St. John's Wood, July 18, 1843.

"Gentlemen,—If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that institution. I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to literature, that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least, my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, tavern, and saloon, with their degrading orgies; for the closet associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek, or put up with, low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world. Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking—*—nay*, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet—rich fare on the paper, for short commons on the cloth. Poisoned on the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach for many months resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But, luckily, the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and while I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish table d'hôte, I could yet enjoy my Peregrine Pickle, and the feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head à la tortue, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish Head à la Brunnen, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Still more recently, it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite to be condemned to lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician—to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the Poor-law Commissioners; all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted; as well as all fluids stronger than that which lays dust, washes pinaflores, and waters polyantheses. But 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' were still mine. Denied beef, I had *Bulwer* and *Couper*—forbidden mutton, there was *Lamb*—and in lieu of pork, the great *Bacon* or *Hogg*. Then, as to beverage, it was bad, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face like a Turk against the juice of the grape. But, eschewing wine, I had still my *Butler*, and in the absence of

liquor, all the *choice spirits* from Tom Brown to Tom Moore. Thus, though confined physically to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain—the champagne of Molière, and Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps everything, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is quite equal to the best gruel with rum in it. So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart, and the temper—bowls that will not roll right—well-laid schemes that will 'gang aglee'—and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my *burthen* has been greatly lightened by a *load of books*. The manner of this will be best understood from a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind under vexation is like that kitten, for it is apt to *prey upon itself*, unless drawn off by a new object, and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of De Foe's; for who, in reading his thrilling 'History of the Great Plague,' would not be reconciled to a few little ones? Many, many a dreary weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists. Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher—many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet. For all which I cry incessantly—not aloud, but in my heart—thanks and honour to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press. Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of literature and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless, was Sir Humphrey Davy, who went for 'consolations in Travel,' not to the inn or the posting house, but to his library and his books.—I am, gentlemen, your's very truly,

"THOMAS HOOD."

Of a writer to anything but common place, it is melancholy to add that common

place piece of intelligence, when the possessor of literary talent fails, that he died poor. Long sickness imposed heavy expenses. Mr. Hood has left a widow and two children in straitened and precarious circumstances, with no other means of subsistence than a small pension, terminable on the failure of the widow's life, barely sufficient to supply a family of three with common necessities, and totally inadequate for the education and advancement of the orphan children. Even this scanty resource has been, of necessity, forestalled to a considerable extent during the last five months, in order to meet the heavy sick-room and funeral charges. The following noblemen and gentlemen, admirers of Mr. Hood's genius, but, above all, of the generous devotion of that genius to the cause of suffering humanity, have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of raising a sum by subscription, to be held in trust for the benefit of the family during the widow's life, and at her death to be divided between the children, whom that event leaves destitute.

COMMITTEE.

The Marquis of Northampton; Baron de Rothschild; R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.; Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.; A. Spottiswoode, Esq.; T. Reseigh, Esq.; Dr. W. Elliot; Lord Francis Egerton; Sir. E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.; T. Noon Talfourd, Esq.; D. Salomons, Esq.; Samuel Phillips, Esq.; W. Harvey, Esq.

SPRING AND POESY.

(Suggested by reading the description of *Spring* in "The Year of the Poets.")

(For the Mirror.)

In every land which eye of man hath seen,
In every age since first the world began;
Wherever skies were blue, or grass was green,
Wherever glorious shone the blessed sun,
There Poesy the laurel wreath has won;
There glowing Spring the poet's lay hath fired,
He, glad when gloomy Winter's reign was done,
Hath roamed o'er field and forest, never tired,
And sang of love and joy and beauty, Spring-inspired.

The gentle poet dearly loves the spring;
He loves to watch each budding beauty rise—
To mark each tender floweret blossoming,
And view all Nature with a lover's eyes.
On scented banks of violets he lies,
And thinks on the Creator ever kind;
Grateful thanksgivings in his bosom rise—
He feeleth happy as a little child.
And bursts forth into song, and thrills his wood-notes wild.

To love the beautiful, the good, the true—
To give impassioned voice to this deep love;
In withered hearts sweet memories to rouse—
In kinder bosoms kindred joys to move—
To raise the sordid mind base thoughts above;
To troubled spirits sweet content to bring,
To plant and foster universal love—
Thus does the trustful poet ever sing,
And scatters beauty, love, and joy, o'er everything.

R. CLEPHAN.

The Wandering Jew

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHOLERA MASQUERADERS.

The masqueraders, preceded by a tumultuous throng, suddenly made their appearance in the Place, and the quarryman, with Ciboule and their band, attracted by the novelty of this spectacle, rushed in a body to meet them.

There was, at this period, in the Rue d'Arcole, but one *traiteur*, who was much renowned among the gay students for the excellence of his wines, and the good quality of his viands. At the first flourish of the trumpeters, who preceded the masquerade, the windows of the large saloon of the tavern were opened, and several waiters, with napkins under their arms, looked out, impatient for the arrival of the singular guests, for whom they were waiting.

A report had been circulated that a masquerade, bidding defiance to the cholera, was to take place, and to attempt to raise by this joyous demonstration, the spirits of the terrified populace. This appeal was soon answered by artists, students, clerks, and tradespeople, who, a thing until then unheard of, immediately fraternised. Some of them had brought with them their mistresses. A subscription had been got up to defray the expense of the fete, and in the morning, after a sumptuous breakfast at the other end of Paris, this joyous group began its march, so that it might terminate the day's proceedings by a dinner at the Place Notre Dame.

The procession was headed by a car, on which were grouped allegorical personages, representing Wine, Folly, Love, and Gaming, whose mission was by force of wit and sarcasm, to render life peculiarly disagreeable to the good man Cholera, a sort of ludicrous personage, whom they bantered and ridiculed in a thousand ways. The meaning of this was, that to brave the cholera with impunity, it was necessary to drink, laugh, love, and gamble. Wine was represented by a huge Silenus, holding in his hand a golden cup surrounded with flowers. No one could have presented to the delighted spectators a redder face, or a more majestic rotundity, than the moral and religious writer, Nini Moulin, who, from time to time, pretended to empty his cup, after which he turned to laugh in the face

of the good man Cholera, who was represented by *Couche-tout-Nu*. Gaming, with a diadem of pasteboard on his brow, and his face encircled with a long yellow beard, which hung down on his bright coloured robe, was personated by Morok, the beast tamer, who flourished a pack of cards in the face of the Cholera. Folly, shaking her bells, was represented by a pretty, lively, black-haired girl; and Love by *Mademoiselle Bernchoux*, a beautiful and charming creature, who did ample justice to her part, by glancing bewitchingly on her male companions.

The actors in the masquerade proceeded to the grand saloon of the *restaurant*, where with good cheer, excellent wines, lively conversation, and the novelty of their situation, they became extremely excited, as may be seen by the extraordinary incidents of the following scene.

CHAPTER III.—SINGULAR COMBAT.

In the midst of the noise and tumult that reigned in the grand saloon, a waiter, pale and agitated, entered, and approaching the person who performed the functions of host, said, in a low and agitated voice, "They have just arrived."

"Who?"

"You know, above,"—here he pointed to the ceiling.

"Ah!" said the *maitre-d'hôtel*, becoming thoughtful; "and where are they?"

"They have just gone up stairs," said the waiter, with a terrified air.

"What does the *patron* say?"

"He is sorry on account of—" the waiter glanced at the guests; "he knows not what to do, and he has sent me to you."

"And what the devil does he want me to do," said the other, wiping his brow. "We must put up with it—there is no help for us."

"They are about to begin. I can't remain any longer."

"You'll do well, for your agitated manner is already attracting attention; so away with you, and tell the *patron* we must await the event."

This incident passed almost unperceived, amid the increasing tumult of the joyous banquet. There was, however, among the guests, one who neither drank nor joked. This was *Couche-tout-Nu*, who, unconscious of what was passing around him, was thinking of the Bacchanalian Queen, who would have been so brilliant and so gay in such a saturnalia. The memory of her whom he still loved so dearly, was the only thought which arose, from time to time, in his besotted mind. He had consented to take part in the masquerade, only because it reminded him of the last fête he had passed with *Cephyse*, when, it being

rumoured that the cholera was approaching France, she had proposed the following gloomy toast—

"To the cholera! May it spare those who desire to live, and cause those who wish not to be separated to die together!"

Jacques was at this moment painfully absorbed in thinking of these sorrowful words. Morok perceiving this, said to him,—

"Jacques, you are not drinking. You have perhaps had enough of wine,—shall I call for some brandy?"

"I want neither wine nor brandy," abruptly replied Jacques; then he relapsed into his sombre reverie.

"You are right," said Morok, ironically, "you do well to take care of yourself. I was a fool to talk of brandy, for at present it would be as dangerous to place yourself before a bottle of brandy as before a loaded pistol."

Couche-tout-Nu, on his hearing his courage as a drinker called in question, regarded Morok with an irritated look. "Is it that I am poltroon enough not to drink!" cried the young man, whose intellect partly extinguished, now revived to defend what he called his dignity.

"We have all stood the test," said one of the company to Jacques, "especially you; for although ill you accepted the part of the good man Cholera."

"Gentlemen," said Morok, "I was only jesting. If my comrade had been imprudent enough to accept my offer, it would have been foolishness on his part; fortunately he has had the good sense to abstain from boasting, which—

"Waiter," interrupted *Couche-tout-Nu*, impatiently, "bring two bottles of brandy and two glasses."

"What do you want with two bottles of brandy?" cried Morok.

"For a duel," cried Jacques, in a cool and resolute tone.

"A duel!"

"Yes," said Jacques, "a duel with cognac. You pretend that there is as much danger in standing before a bottle of brandy as before the muzzle of a pistol. Let us each take a bottle of brandy and see which of us recoils."

This strange proposition was received with cries of approval by some, and by others with real alarm.

"Bravo! the champions of the bottle," cried the former.

"No, no, it is too dangerous," cried the latter.

"You hear," said Morok, with a diabolical smile; "will you now recoil before the danger?"

At these words, which reminded him of the evil to which he was about to expose himself, Jacques started, and as if a sud-

den idea had struck him, he proudly raised his head, his cheeks became slightly flushed, his countenance shone with a sort of gloomy satisfaction, and he shouted in a firm voice—

"Waiter! are you asleep? Did I not ask you for two bottles of brandy?"

"Gentlemen," said Mini Moulin, "shall we remain insensible to the noble example set us by the good man Cholera? Let us answer him with punch! Waiter, have you a basin or a cauldron large enough to hold a monster-bowl of punch?"

"Sir," replied the waiter, "we have a pot that will hold at least thirty bottles."

"Put in it then twenty bottles of kircher-wasser, six sugar-loaves, twelve lemons, and plenty of fire," cried the religious writer.

Suddenly, in one of those moments of silence which sometimes occur, even amid the wildest tumult, several low and measured knocks were heard. Every one was now silent.

CHAPTER IV.—COGNAC TO THE RESCUE.

After the lapse of a few seconds, the singular noise, which had surprised the guests, was again heard. But this time it was louder and more continuous.

"Waiter," said one of them, "what in the name of mischief is that?"

"It is, sir, it is—" stammered the waiter.

"It's some peevish lodger, some animal, an enemy to mirth, who is knocking to tell us not to sing so loud," cried Nini Moulin.

"No," said Morok, who had just been speaking to the waiter, "it is not the lodger who is knocking—they are nailing her coffin, or rather *their* coffin, for they have placed the child with the mother—"

This news had a saddening effect on all but Couche-tout-Nu, who cried out, "Waiter, where are those bottles of brandy and the punch? What! shall the dead make the living tremble?"

"He is right," cried several voices, "let us drive away sorrow."

"Gentlemen," said the waiter, breathless from his load, "here is the punch."

The sun had just set. The saloon in which the banquet was held was immense. There were but few windows, each of which was partly screened by red curtains, and, although it was not yet dark, the further end of this large hall was plunged in obscurity. Two waiters were bringing in the monster bowl of punch, in a bright copper basin, which was surmounted by flames of changing hue.

The fiery beverage was placed upon the table, to the great joy of the guests, who began to forget their late alarm.

"Now for our duel," said Couche-tout-Nu to Morok, in a tone of defiance. "There is your bottle, and here is mine; and Nini Moulin shall be judge."

"I will not refuse to be judge," replied the religious scribbler, "only I must warn you that you are going to play a dangerous game."

"Give the word of command," said Jacques; "or I'll do so myself."

"Well, since you will have it."

"The first who refuses is vanquished," said Jacques.

"Agreed," replied Morok.

"Now, gentlemen, attention," said Nini; "let us first see if the bottles are alike."

During this examination, a profound silence reigned in the hall.

"Now," cried Nini, "are you ready?"

"Yes!" replied the combatants.

"Fire!" cried Nini.

The combatants drank their glasses off at a draught—Morok placed his glass on the table, with a firm hand, his face of marble betrayed not the slightest emotion, but Jacques, in putting down his glass, could not conceal a slight convulsive shudder, caused by internal suffering.

"Bravely drank," cried Nini. "Swallow the fourth of a bottle of brandy, at a single draught! No one else here is possessed of such prowess, and if you take my advice, my brave champions, you will stop there."

"Give the word to fire," intrepidly replied Couche-tout-Nu; and with his feverish and agitated hand he seized the bottle, but instead of filling his glass, he said to Morok,—

"Dare you?"

Morok replied not, but shrugging his shoulders, raised the bottle to his mouth. Jacques followed his example. All eyes were fixed on the combatants; Jacques' face evinced signs of severe internal suffering, yet he continued to drink, resting only for a moment, as if he wished to take breath, when he met the sardonic gaze of Morok, who kept drinking with his accustomed *sang-froid*. Believing that he saw in Morok's eye the expression of insulting triumph, he again drank with avidity, but his strength was exhausted; an unextinguishable fire preyed in his breast, his agony was too acute, he could not bear up against it, his head fell back, his teeth became clenched, spasmodic convulsions distorted his limbs, and he lost almost all consciousness.

"Jacques, my boy, it is nothing," cried Morok, with diabolical joy; then he rose to assist Nini Moulin, who was endeavouring to hold Couche-tout-Nu.

Nini, leaving Jacques in the hands of Morok, ran to the door to ask for assistance, when it was suddenly opened. The

religious writer drew back in astonishment at the sight of a person so unexpected as the one who now stood before him.

CHAPTER V.—SOUVENIRS.

The person before whom Nini Moulin had recoiled with astonishment was the Bacchanalian Queen.

Pale and ghastly, clothed in rage, her hair in disorder, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes sunken, this once brilliant and joyous heroine of so many wild revels now appeared the shadow of what she had been; for misery and sorrow had withered those features formerly so charming.

On entering the hall she glanced around in search of Jacques, and when she discovered him, uttering a piercing cry, she sprang to his side, threw her arms round his neck, then exclaimed,—“Jacques! Jacques!—it is I—Cephyse!”

That well-known voice, the piercing cry which proceeded from the heart, seemed to affect the senses of the dying man. Without opening his eyes he turned his head towards the poor woman, and heaving a deep sigh, his rigid limbs relaxed, a slight trembling followed the convulsions, and his heavy eyelids were at length slowly raised, disclosing his dull and vacant gaze.

The spectators, in mute surprise, witnessed this scene with anxious curiosity.

Cephyse, kneeling beside her lover, covered his hands with tears and kisses, and cried, in a voice broken by sighs,—

“Jacques! it is I—Cephyse—it was not my fault that I left you,—pardon me!”

“Leave him,” cried Morok, irritated at this meeting, which might prove fatal to his projects; “in the state he is in the sight of you may prove dangerous to him.” Saying this he seized her roughly by the arm to thrust her out of the room.

“It is you,” cried Cephyse, with astonishment, on recognising Morok; and evading his grasp, she knelt down by Couchetout-Nu, whose dull gaze appeared to brighten.

“Cephyse! Is it you?” murmured Jacques.

“Yes,” replied she. “I am going to tell you—” she could not continue. She clasped her hands, and her pale face bathed in tears evinced the astonishment she felt at Jacques’ altered appearance.

He understood the cause of her surprise, and looking at her suffering and emaciated countenance, he said,—

“Poor girl, you have also suffered much sorrow and misery. I did not recognise you.”

“Yes,” said Cephyse, “much misery, and worse than that,” added she shuddering, while the colour returned to her pale cheeks.

“Worse than misery!” said Jacques, astonished.

“But, it is you who have suffered,” said Cephyse, without replying.

“I was just about terminating my career, when you called me—now I have seen you I shall die content.”

“No, no, Jacques; you shall not die—I will not leave you.”

“Listen, if I had a bushel of red hot coals in my chest, I could not be hotter—I have been slowly consuming myself, for more than a month—that man,” here he nodded to Morok—“that friend there took upon himself to stir the fire. I do not regret life, for I have lost the habit of working; am now a drunkard, and would have ended by being a beggar, or perhaps worse, so I preferred amusing my friend, by allowing him to kindle a flame in my breast.”

“You are foolish and ungrateful,” said Morok, shrugging his shoulders; “you held out your glass—I filled it, and I trust we will have many more bouts together.”

“I say you have kindled the fire, which scorched me; but I do not reproach you, my dear friend,” added he, with a sardonic smile; “you dug my grave in cheerfulness—sometimes seeing where I was about to fall, I recoiled; but you, my worthy friend, pushed me onward, and I have arrived at the end of my journey.”

“My boy,” said Morok, coldly, “listen to me, and follow my advice.”

“Thank you—I have followed your advice long enough, I would rather speak to Cephyse, before I go to keep company with the worms.”

“No, no, Jacques; you shall not die,” cried the young girl.

“Then I shall owe my recovery to you. When I recovered, and saw you so poorly dressed, I felt something good spring up in my heart. I said to myself, ‘Poor girl, she has courageously kept her word—she has persevered to work and suffer, rather than take a false step.’ This thought refreshed my soul. I needed it, for I was burning, and still burn,” added he, while his body contracted with pain. “Yes, it made me happy—thank you, my good Cephyse,—you acted right, for you are the only person I ever loved; and if in my besotted condition, I had a bitter thought, it resulted from thinking of you, and I then wished that I, for your sake, had been a better man. I again thank you,” added he, offering his hand, which was already cold; “if I die I shall die content, if I live I shall live happy. Give me your hand, Cephyse,—you have acted like an honest and faithful creature.”

Instead of taking his hand, Cephyse, still on her knees, bent her head, not daring to raise her eyes to her lover.

“Why do you not take my hand?” said

Jacques. The unfortunate creature replied only with sighs. Jacques, astonished at her silence, said to her in a trembling voice, "Cephyse, I know you. If you take my hand, you have—" here his voice failed him,—a moment after, however, he resumed;—"Six weeks ago, when I was taken to prison, you said to me, 'Jacques, I swear to you I will work—I will live, if necessary, in the most abject misery, but I will live honestly. Now, tell me, have you kept your word?'"

Cephyse again sighed. This mute avowal of her infidelity produced a fearful effect on Jacques; he succeeded in rising up, his face was contracted with rage and despair; he seized a knife to stab Cephyse, but recoiling at committing murder, he cast the knife from him, and sank on his seat, with his face concealed in his hands.

"Jacques," cried Cephyse, "if you knew—oh, do not condemn me without hearing me! I will tell you all. That man," said she, pointing to Morok, "came to me, and said, 'Have the courage to—'"

"I do not reproach you," interrupted Jacques; "I have no right. I only ask to die in peace."

"No," cried Cephyse, wildly; "you shall not die—you will listen to me; will you not pardon me? Misery drove me to it—not for luxuries—look at my rags,—but for bread and a shelter for my poor dying sister, more miserable even than myself. Oh, Jacques, one word of pity and pardon."

"Take this woman away," said Morok; "her presence is too painful for my friend."

"Oh, let me remain with him!" cried the unhappy creature, bursting into tears. "Look at him—oh, his convulsions are horrible—"

Jacques was now conveyed to the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and Cephyse was permitted, after urgent entreaty, to accompany him thither. When they arrived near the house wild and savage shouts proceeded from the other extremity of the Place.

"What is the matter?" asked Nini Moulin of one of the bystanders.

"They are throwing the poisoners in the river," replied the man.

A fearful shriek was now heard above the general clamour. It proceeded from Cephyse. Jacques, one of the seven heirs of Kennepont, had just expired in her arms. Fatal coincidences—another cry arose from one of the poisoners they were putting to death. This cry reached Morok, in the midst of his execrable triumph.

"Perdition," cried the beast-tamer, "it is the voice of the Abbé D'Aigrigny."

(To be continued.)

THE ROBBER AND THE INN-KEEPER.

Bartolomeo informed me, that a messenger had arrived that morning, to bespeak supper for three canons, travelling from Cordova to Toledo. "They travel in their coach," said Bartolomeo; "and some years have now passed since Don José has been heard of hereabouts, they travel without any escort,—'tis but strolling up the mountain-road, and waiting their approach—the rest follows of course."

It was just falling dusk when I quitted the Venta de Cardeno, and as I slowly walked up the winding road, I considered for the last time, the course upon which I had entered. I had no difficulty in resolving, that it was better each of the three canons should be a purse lighter, than that my father and I should live upon bread and garlic; my only cause of hesitation was the necessity of confession, and the probability that the priest might exact, as the price of absolution, a promise to change my manner of life. In this case, I resolved to obtain absolution from the canons. It was nearly dark when I reached that turn on the road where there is a low ruined wall, which has, for twelve years, been known under the name of Polinario's Seat, because it was there I was afterwards accustomed to sit down, and wait the approach of travellers. It is well adapted for the purpose; for neither in going up or down the Sierra can this wall be seen, till one be within twenty yards of it. A deep dell runs into the wildest parts of the Sierra, and having once cleared the wall, nothing but a lead bullet could overtake me. Once only I have had occasion to resort to this escape. I had resolved to rifle the Seville mail, and sitting on this wall as usual, challenged it as it came up. It chanced to be laden with pines for the royal table, sent by the governor Ceuta; and in place of finding only three guards to oppose me, out jumped three other troopers who had been sent to guard the treasure. Perceiving little probability of success, I darted into the gorge. Six bullets were sent after me, but they all whizzed by. But to return to the canons.

I had scarcely taken my seat on the wall, when my ear caught the sound of wheels, and in a few moments after, I had turned the mule's head, and opened the carriage door. "Reverend Senores," said I, "you see before you the representative of the renowned Don José de Rabadel."

"A, Jesus Maria!" exclaimed all the three canons, at the same time muttering a prayer, and rapidly crossing themselves.

"No doubt," continued I, "your reverences travel with well-stored purses, that you may bestow charity on your way."

"Mine, Senor," said one of the three,

"is the only one of our purses that is not entirely exhausted; the demand of charity upon those of my two brothers have left not a real in either of them."

"Then," said I, "I will be generous, and accept of the purses of your brethren;" and those being hesitatingly drawn forth, and presented to me with faltering hands, I found, as I expected, well stored with gold; while the remaining purse that had been offered, I afterwards learned from Bartolomeo, contained scarcely as many pesetas as paid for supper. "Remember, Senores," said I, "that Polinario is the name of the men who has made himself master of your gold, and that he has taken two purses when he might have taken three;" and having requested absolution, which they dared not refuse, I allowed the canons to pursue their journey, and arrived at the Venta soon after they had entered it, and in sufficient time to partake of supper along with the reverend senores whom I had robbed.

"No cause for alarm, senores," said I, as entering the room where the canons were just dipping their spoons in the soup, they all let them drop in the dish, and rose from their seats. "Pray, reverend sirs," continued I, "resume your seats; having shared your gold, I am now going to partake of your supper; but, harkee, say not a word of me to the rascally innkeeper, who would play me a trick if he could; at the first sign of recognition—you understand me, senores." This I said to screen Bartolomeo from suspicion of being connected with me. The loss of their gold, and perhaps my presence, appeared to have in some degree diminished the appetite of the canons, so that there was abundance, and choice too, for a fourth mouth; and after supper was ended, I divided the booty with Bartolomeo, who complimented me highly, especially upon my having returned to sup with the canons, which he said was just Don José's way. From this moment I was Polinario, known and feared from Seville to Madrid.—*Autobiography of Polinario, the Spanish Bandit.*

Reviews.

Croniques De London Depuis L'an 44 Hen. III. Jusqu'à L'an 17 Edw. III.

In the introduction to the above ancient work, lately published by the Camden Society, occurs the following striking picture of London as it was, "Proceeding eastward along West-Chepe, the graceful cross of Queen Alianor, at the top of Wood-street, appeared; then the handsome church of St. Mary-le-Bow, and lower, on the opposite side, the chapel of St. Thomas of Acons; and further on, Serne's-tower.

On the site of the present Mansion-house was the Stocks-market, a smaller and inferior market to that of West-Chepe; and beyond, Cornhill, for centuries the mart for clothing and household furniture, from the convenience of its situation to the braziers of Lothbury, the great manufacturers of kitchen utensils, and the tailors and linen-armourers of Coleman-street and the adjacent parts, the exclusive makers of both linen and woollen clothing; and Lombard-street then the residence of foreign merchants. The linen along Lombard-street, and West-Chepe was the chief road through the city; and, on account of its width, its noble appearance, and the wealth of its inhabitants, it became the highway along which every procession to the tournament, to the coronation, or to the royal funeral, passed. The second road through the city, seems to have been the only way in Saxon times; it led along Old Fish-street, where, until the fourteenth century, the chief fish-market was held, along Watheling-street, passing Tower Royal into Candlewick-street, for so many centuries the residence of the wealthy drapers, who seem to have been bound by strong ties to a spot placed beneath the protection of their patroness St. Mary Bothaw, and close beside the highly valued 'London Stone.' Next was Eastcheap, the old Saxon market, celebrated from the time of Fitz-Stephen to the days of Lydgate, for the abundance and variety of the provisions sold there. This street communicated with New Fish-street, where at this period a very large market, both for fresh and salt fish, was held, and which joined the bridge, which at this time, and for centuries after, was thickly crowded with houses. The more eastern parts of the city never seem to have been remarkable for trade. A large number of foreigners, basket makers, and wire drawers, were about this time, according to Stowe, located in Blanche-Appleton Court, near Leadenhall-street; and we also find that many artisans, employed in the inferior trades, dwelt round about. At the east end of the city was the Tower, called by Fitz-Stephen the 'Palatine Tower.' But if the eastern part of London could not vie in wealth and importance with West-Chepe, in the number and splendour of its conventual establishments it yielded to none. The priory of the Holy Trinity, founded by queen Maud, consort of Henry I, in the year 1108, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustin, and said to be the wealthiest in England, stood just within Aldgate; not far distant was the house of the nuns of St. Clare, brought into England by Blanche queen of Navarre, who was wife to Edmund earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby, about A.D. 1293; and near the convent of the 'Frates

Sancti Crucis,' which has given its name to Crutched Friars; and the abbey founded by king Edward III. of St. Mary of Grace, near the Tower, after he had encountered a tempest at sea. In Bishopsgate street, was the priory of the nuns of St. Helen; on the site of Spitalfields Church was the great hospital of St. Mary Spital, founded by Walter Brune, citizen of London, and Rosia his wife, in 1235; while just within the city wall rose the equally noble foundation of Simon Fitz-Mary, sheriff of London in 1246, the hospital or priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem, afterwards converted into a house or hospital for the reception of lunatics. Returning to the foot of the bridge, to the west, close by the water-side, the stockfishmongers had their dwellings; close beside, were the large warehouses, and stone hall, and tall watch-tower, of the merchants of the steel-yard; next, the stately mansion of Cold Harbour; and then the great stone houses of the merchants of the Vintry, and their extensive quay, crowded with shipping; further on, Queenhithe, a large public wharf for salt and corn; then a series of wharfs; and at the west angle of the city wall arose two well fortified castles, Baynard's Castle and the Tower of Montfichet. Beyond were the gardens of the Blackfriars convent, the mouth of the Fleet, the ancient palace of Bridewell, an occasional royal residence even from the Conquest, and the garden of the Whitefriars and the Temple. The western liberties of the city seem to have been very populous. The space between Fleet-street and Holborn was inhabited chiefly by smiths and tanners; on each side of the river Fleet were the wharfs of the lime-burners, and dealers in charcoal and sea-coal. The butchers dwelt nearly on the site of Newgate Market; and turners of beads and scribes, both in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane and of Paternoster-row. Like the north-eastern, the north-western quarter was crowded with religious houses. On the spot where that excellent establishment Christ's Hospital now stands, was the noble and richly-endowed house of the Grey Friars, with its splendid church, inferior in size and grandeur to the metropolitan cathedral alone, beneath whose lofty and fretted roof four queens, and other persons of rank, almost innumerable, reposed amid the escutcheoned pomp of departed greatness. Near it the wealthy priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew, founded by the pious Rahere and endowed by the virtuous queen Maud; and, just beyond, the munificence of Sir Walter Manny, a few years after, founded the Carthusian Priory, which now bears the name of the Charter House. To the north, just within the city gate was the

Saxon foundation of St. Martin's, well named 'le Grand,' from its large and abundant privileges. Withoutside the gate, was the mansion of the duke of Britany, which has given its name to Little Britain; while from hence to the wide moor of Finsbury, the numerous streets and alleys were occupied by the lower orders of artificers—carriers, bowyers, and bowstring makers. Such was London—the 'lady of the kingdoms'—the modern Tyre, during the fourteenth century; and if it might scarcely be recognised by the inhabitants of the present day, far less would its suburbs. To the west and the north wide tracts of forest land, covering that large space on which in late years a complete town has been built; to the east a succession of moors and green marshes; while, nearer at hand, there was the stately palace of Westminster, rising from the water's edge, with the adjoining convent and abbey, standing almost alone. Then the hermitage of Charing, looking towards the noble mansion of the Archbishop of York, now Whitehall; and the Leper House of St. Giles, literally 'in the fields,' and the simple church of St. Martin, with its equally appropriate title, and the meadow land, and gentle slopes, intersected by the rapid Fleet, which extended from St. Giles-in-the-fields to the Elm-trees, on the western side of Smithfield. Due northward arose the stately mansion of the Knights of St. John, a palace of size and splendour, and beside it the priory of the nuns of Clerkenwell, founded A. D. 1100 by Jordan Bristel, a knight or baron. Beyond, the little village of Iseldune (Islington) peeped from the surrounding woods; nearer, but more to the east, was the village of Hochestone (Hoxton), amid cornfields and windmills; then the green moorlands of Finsbury, with the holy well of St. Agnes, and, close adjoining, the priory of the nuns of Halliwell, founded before 1127 by Roger Fitz-Gelran. From hence the eye ranged over wide tracts of meadow land to the grey tower of the distant church of Stibenhede (Stepney), while the massive keep of the Tower and the spires of St. Katharine closed the view. Although each successive generation brought alterations, there were comparatively few important additions for full two centuries. During the fifteenth the erection of Guildhall, which until then was a mean and low building, in Aldermanbury (a site known by that name in the year 1189); the opening of Moorgate, and the planting of Moorfields; the building of many of the city companies' halls, and that beautiful row of houses which extended along the upper south side of Westchepe, between Breadstreet and the Cross, called 'Goldsmiths'-row built by Thomas Wood, goldsmith,

and sheriff in 1491, were the chief improvements. In the following century London fell far below her ancient splendour; and the fire of London in the seventeenth only completed the ruin which the sixteenth century had begun."

The Gatherer.

On the Colour of Mourning.—In almost every country on the earth, some emblem of grief or token of esteem is worn by the surviving relatives of deceased persons; but the mode of expressing this affection varies according to the custom or fashion of different nations. In Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia, sky-blue dress is worn on this occasion, because it is the colour of those regions which it is hoped their departed friends inhabit. In Egypt, a yellow dress is worn on such occasions, being a symbol that death terminates our mortal expectations, as the leaves of the trees turn yellow when decayed. The Ethiopians wear grey, and Europeans black. Grey is emblematical of the earth, to which the dead return; and black, which is a privation of light, is also typical of the absence of life. But for virgins a white dress is worn, because it is an emblem of purity. These facts might lead us to a series of reflections on the different customs of mankind, relative to the exit of the soul from its terrestrial mansion.

—A. S. W. L.

The Whiteboys and their Burnings.—There was more in the burnings of the Whiteboys, twenty years ago, than was at first suspected. It was a money-making concern. The marquis of Wellesley, in one of his despatches, gave this account of them:—"It is a curious circumstance in the character of these transactions, that, in several instances, the grain had been artfully separated from the straw, and had been sold, by the proprietor of the stacks, for its full value; and that the same proprietor had destroyed the stacks of straw by fire, with a view of recovering from the barony the full value of the corn already sold. These cases were not infrequent. The incendiary was of course undiscoverable. The fact of such numerous and secret conflagrations was alleged to be an indisputable proof of general combination, until the vigilance of the military and police actually detected a considerable number of the stacks of straw, cleared of the grain, and prepared for the fire; and thus discovered the whole mystery of this double fraud."

Forged Assignats.—That forged assignats were carried to Quiberon, and elsewhere, by the emigrants sent there by Pitt, is a fact indubitable; and we beg, once more,

to state, for the benefit of this reviewer, and of all others who care about this matter, that the paper, which was made expressly for the purposes of this forgery, was known to have been manufactured at Langley Mill, in the county of Durham. The fact of the forgery is, however, to be found in "Espinasse's Reports, Mich: term. 36 George III, 1795." The printer of the plates refused to pay the engraver. The engraver brought his action. The defence was, that the plate was for an immoral purpose, "forgery." Lord Kenyon, however, ruled that it was lawful thus to distress an enemy, and the jury found for the plaintiff! The case is "*STRONGITHARM versus LUKYN on a Promissary Note*," and is in the volume of Espinasse before referred to.—*Tyne Mercury*.

Freaks of Map Sellers.—In a letter lately published, Dr. King says—The chart-sellers are England's hydrographers, who, in their anxiety to publish the traveller's map, strike out and ink anything and everything that each lion, as he successively appears in the theatre of the world, suggests. Thus, the outline of the southern portion of North Somerset (improperly called Boothia by Sir John Ross), traced upon Esquimaux authority by Sir John Ross, was erased to make room for one traced upon mere supposition by Sir George Back.

Daguerreotype and the Guillotine.—A wretch was lately executed at Nevers, for the murder of his mistress. On this occasion the Daguerreotype was used to catch, for publication, the expression of the murderer's face, at the awful moment when, tied to the fatal block, he stood in the immediate presence of death—and the last human emotion that impressed it was the shadow of the grave into which he was that instant passing. So awful an application of art to perpetuate the dying agonies of nature was never heard of before.

Steam-Boiler Explosions Prevented.—A correspondent of the *Mining Journal* says, that steam-boiler explosions may be prevented by having a hole drilled immediately over the fire-place, and filled with a leaden rivet, which will melt when the water gets below the proper level.

CHEAP CARPETS.

On Stier's New Method of Weaving Fine Carpets.

Such comfort ne'er was offer'd yet

To those who nothing have to lose:

Since handsome carpets they may get

Who cannot buy a pair of shoes.—*Great Gun.*

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